THE

Poetical Magazine,

FIFTH NUMBER,

September, 1809.

——————poetica surgit
Tempestas.————— JUVENAL.
" The poetic Storm arises."

THE SCHOOLMASTER'S TOUR.

[*Continued from p.* 174.]

With an Engraving.

THE Doctor smil'd,—the bill was paid,
The hostess left him to the maid:
When Betty stood in humble guise,
With expectation in her eyes;
That he was, surely, so good-hearted,
He'd give her something ere they parted.
Now, Nature, in her wanton freaks,
Had given Betty rosy cheeks;
And caus'd her raven locks to break
In native ringlets on her neck.
The roving bee might wish to sip
The sweetness of her pouting lip;
So red, so tempting to the view,
'Twas what the Doctor long'd to do.
" You're a nice girl," he smiling said,
" Am I?" replied the simp'ring maid.
" I swear you are, and if you're willing
" To give a kiss, I'll give a shilling."

" If 'tis the same thing, Sir, to you,
" Make the gift two-fold, and take two."
He grimly grinn'd with inward pleasure,
And soon he seiz'd the purchas'd treasure.
" Your lips, my dear, are sweet as honey,
" So one smack more,—and there's your money."

This charming ceremony o'er,
The Parson strutted to the door;
When his poor palfrey now appears
In cruel state of tail and ears.
The neighbours all impatient wait,
To see him issue from the gate;
For country-town, or village-green,
Has seldom such a figure seen.
Labour stood still to see him pass,
While ev'ry lad and ev'ry lass
Ran forward to enjoy the feast,
To jeer the Don, and mourn the beast.
But one and all aloud declare
'Twas a fit sight for country fair,
Far better than a dancing bear.

At length, escap'd from all the noise
Of women, men, and girls and boys,
In the recesses of a lane
He thus gave utt'rance to his pain:
" It seems to be my luckless case,
" At ev'ry point, in ev'ry place,
" To meet with trouble and disgrace.
" But yesterday I left my home,
" In search of fancied wealth to roam;
" And nought, I think, but ills betide me—
" Sure some foul spirit runs beside me;
" Some blasting demon from the east,
" A deadly foe to man and beast,
" That loves to riot in disaster,
" And plagues alike both horse and master.

" Grizzle, who full six years, and more,
" A trumpeter in triumph bore;
" Who had in many a battle been,
" And many a bloody conflict seen;
" Who, having 'scap'd from cut and scar,
" And all the angry threats of war;
" When his best days are almost past,
" Feels such ignoble wounds at last.
" Ah! what can thy fond master do?
" He's cut and slash'd as well as you:
" But tho' no more with housings gay,
" And prancing step, you take your way;
" Or, with your stately rider, lead
" The armed troop to warlike deed;
" While you've a leg, you ne'er shall cease
" To bear the minister of peace.
" Long have you borne him, nor e'er grumbled,
" Nor ever started, kick'd, or stumbled."

But mildest natures sometimes err
From the strict rules of character:
The tim'rous bird defends its young,
And beasts will kick when they are stung.
'Twas burning hot, and hosts of flies,
With venom'd stings, around them rise;
They seiz'd on Grizzle's wounded part,
Who straight began to snort and start,
Kick'd up behind, rear'd up before,
And play'd a dozen antics more.
The Doctor coax'd, but all in vain,
He snorted, kick'd, and rear'd again.
" Alas!" he cried, " could I but pop
" Just now upon a blacksmith's shop,
" Whose cooling unguents would avail
" To save poor Grizzle's ears and tail!"
Now, scarce had he his wishes spoke,
When he beheld a cloud of smoke,

That from a forge appear'd to rise,
And for a moment veil'd the skies;
While the rude hammers, to his ear,
Proclaim'd the aid he wish'd was near.
By the way-side the cottage rose,
Around it many a willow grows,
Where Syntax, in a tone of grief,
Shew'd Grizzle's wounds, and pray'd relief.
The sooty Galen soon appear'd,
And with fair hopes the Doctor cheer'd.
" Trust me, good Sir, I've got a plaster
" Will cure the beast of his disaster;
" And while the dressing I prepare,
" With all becoming skill and care,
" You in that arbour may regale
" With a cool pipe and jug of ale:
" I've long a two-fold trade profess'd,
" And med'cine sell for man and beast,"
Syntax now sought the cooling shade,
While Galen's dame the banquet made:
She well knew how her guests to please,
And added meat, and bread and cheese:
Besides, she told the village-tale—
Who came to drink their home-brew'd ale;
How that the laughter-loving Vicar
Would sometimes walk to taste their liquor;
That their gay landlord was renown'd,
For hunting fox, with horn and hound;
That he'd a daughter passing fair,
Who was his Honour's only heir;
But she was proud, nor could a 'Squire
Approach to tell his am'rous fire;
A Lord alone, as it was said,
She would receive into her bed.
Throughout the village, ev'ry name
Became a subject for the dame;

And thus she play'd her chatt'ring part,
Till Syntax thought it time to start.

And now poor Grizzle reappears,
With plaster'd tail and plaster'd ears,
Which, thus cas'd up, might well defy
The sharpest sting of gnat or fly.
The Doctor, having had his fill,
Without a word discharg'd his bill;
But, as it was the close of day,
He trotted briskly on his way;
And, ere the Sun withdrew his light,
An inn receiv'd him for the night:
His frame fatigu'd, his mind oppress'd,
He smok'd his pipe, and went to rest.
The morning came, when he arose
In spirits from his calm repose;
And, while the maid prepar'd the tea,
He look'd around the room, to see
What story did the walls disclose,
Of human joys, and human woes.
The window quickly caught his eye,
On whose clear panes he did descry
The motley works of ev'ry Muse;
There was enough to pick and choose;
And "faith," said he, "I'll strive to hook
"Some of these lines into my book;
"For here there are both grave and witty,
"And some, I see, are very pretty."
From a small pocket in his coat
He drew his book,—and thus he wrote:—

"If my breast was made of glass,
"And you could see what there doth pass,
"Kitty, my ever-charming fair!
"You'd see your own sweet image there."

"I once came here a free-booting,
"And on 'Squire Jones' manor went shooting;

" And if 'Squire Jones this truth denies,
" This glass shall tell 'Squire Jones—he lies."

" Dolly's as fat as any sow,
" And, if I'm not mistaken,
" Dolly is well-dispos'd, I trow,
" To trim her husband's bacon."

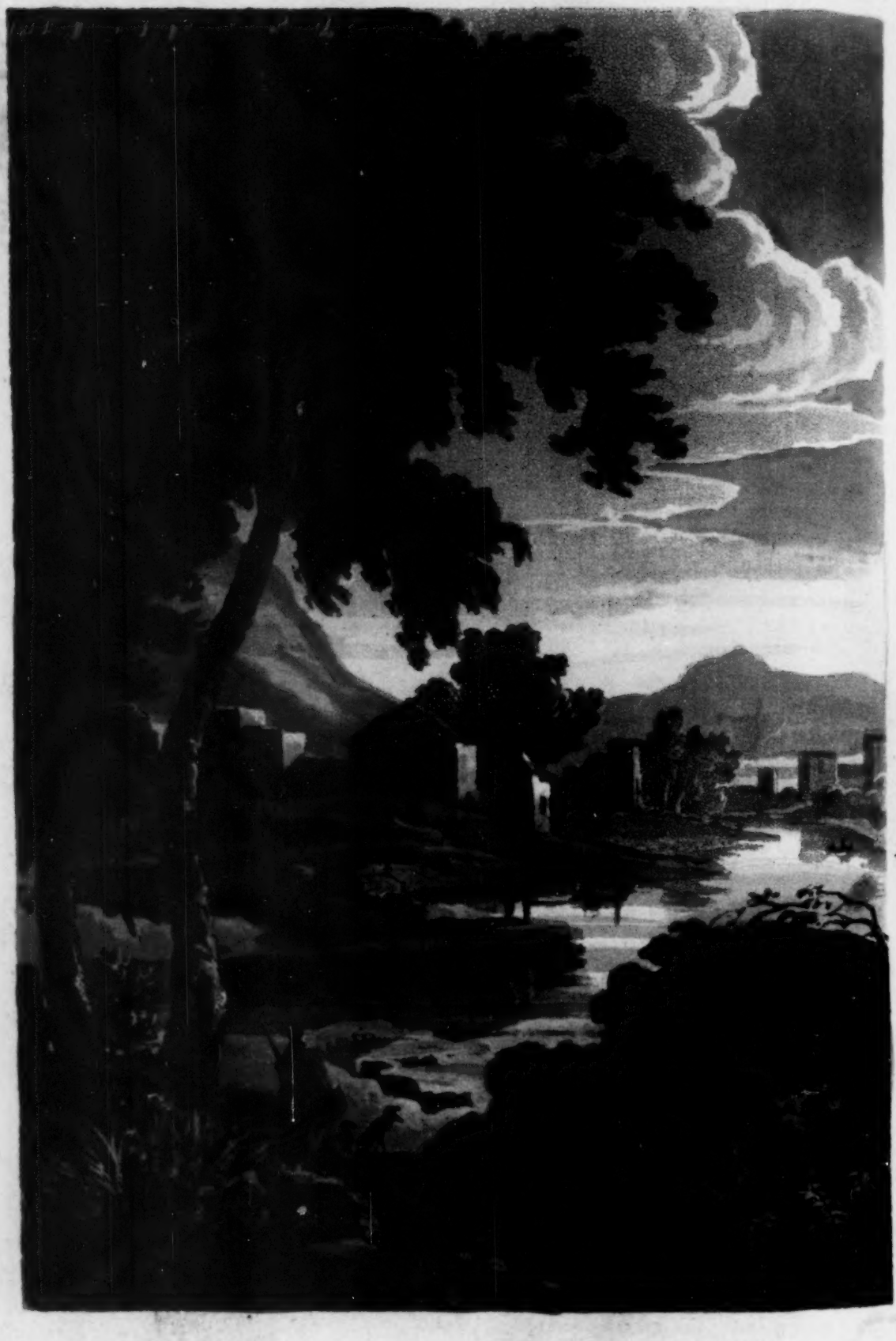
" Jenny, while now your name I hear,
" No transient glow my bosom heats;
" And when I meet your eye, my dear,
" My flutt'ring heart no longer beats.
" I dream, but I no longer find
" Your form still present to my view;
" I wake, but now my vacant mind
" No longer waking dreams of you.
" I can find maids, in ev'ry rout,
" With smiles as false, and forms as fine;
" But you must hunt the world throughout,
" To find a heart as true as mine."

" I hither came down
" From fair London town
" With Lucy, so mild and so kind;
" But Lucy grew cool,
" And call'd me a fool,
" So I started, and left her behind."

But while poor Syntax was in heav'n,
At what the Muse by chance had giv'n,
A hungry dog, and prone to steal,
Ran off with half his breakfast meal;
While Dolly, ent'ring with a kettle,
Was follow'd by a man of mettle,
Who swore he'd have the promis'd kiss,
And, as he seiz'd the melting bliss,
From the ill-poised kettle's spout,
The boiling stream came pouring out,

No. 5. of the POETICAL MAGAZNE. Pub. Sept.r 1.st 1809. at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101 Strand.

DOCTOR SYNTAX



A VIEW on the LAKE of COMO.

N.S. of the POETICAL MAGAZINE. Pub Sept.r 1st 1809. at R. Ackermann's Repository of Arts 101 Strand

And drove the Doctor from the Muse,
By quickly filling both his shoes;
And tho' 'tis not the Christian's plan
To turn aside from helpless man,
When ills, and pains, and sorrows grieve him,
Yet here we are oblig'd to leave him.

[*To be continued.*]

THE LAKE OF COMO.

[With an Engraving.]

How many years, alas! are past and gone,
Como, since first I trod thy fairy ground,
When early life's gay season flush'd my cheek,
And when young Pleasure sparkled in my eye!
By Science led, I sought the sacred spot
Where Pliny's infant eyes first saw the sun;
Where the stern rigid Cato oft retir'd,
And Cæsar his all-conqu'ring eagles bore.
But, tho' so much of life has pass'd away,
Lost in the gulph of all-devouring Time,
Tho' now my hairs are grey, and wrinkled age
Points to the confines of the peaceful tomb,
Still fond Remembrance doth delight to dwell
On scenes where Nature, with her lavish hand,
Has scatter'd her enchanting beauties round.
The vine-clad hill, with purple fruitage gay;
The orange groves, and bow'rs with myrtle crown'd;
The dusky olive, dark'ning in the glade;
The woods, that leave half-bare the rocky brow;
And the rude mountain, warring with the skies,
Which, tho' eternal spring appears below,
Bears one eternal winter on its head!
These various objects meet the ravish'd eye—
While the resplendent lake, now stretching wide
Its vast expanse, a silver mirror shews,

Reflecting all the wonders of its shores:
Now, within narrow banks, adorn'd with flow'rs,
Where the tall poplar to the zephyr sighs,
It looks a village-stream that glides along
Thro' some retired vale, where peasants dwell.
Nor these alone;—the castle's mould'ring tow'r,
The scatter'd hamlets, and the villas gay,
And many a sail by humble Commerce spread,
Or fann'd by Pleasure's more propitious gale,
At once enliven and enrich the scene.

When the sun glitter'd on the mountain's top
At early morn, how oft, with eager step,
I've pierc'd the tangles of the pendent wood,
To mount some rugged all-commanding brow,
Where I could sit and view th' expanse below,
And meditate on Nature's wondrous works,
And lift the pray'r to Him who Nature made!
How oft, when fainter rays, at ev'ning hour,
Threw o'er the landscape vast its purple hue,
And the soft gale its fresh'ning pleasures gave,
Have I by Como's lake in rapture stray'd,
Nor ceas'd to wander, till th' ascending moon
Play'd on its wave, and clad the scene around
In the mild splendour of her silver beams!—
Ah! where,—ah! where are they who with me stray'd,
Who knew my ev'ry thought, and shar'd my heart;
Whose words gave Nature's charms a warmer glow;
Whose classic minds illum'd the classic page;
Whom Science lov'd, and Virtue call'd her own?
They are no more!—Long in the silent grave
Have they repos'd!—Long has the tear been dry
Which Friendship dropp'd upon their honour'd dust!
But still Remembrance wakes the tender thought
That makes the bosom heave.—Como, farewel!
I shall behold thy charming scenes no more!

ALIBEG; OR, THE TRIUMPH OF VIRTUE:

A POEM.

Beatus ille, qui procul negotiis
Ut prisca gens mortalium;
Paterna rura bobus exercet suis.

In Tempé's vale, (a calm sequester'd scene,)
Whose fields were cloth'd with everlasting green,
Where scented woodbines form'd a pleasing shade,
And limpid streams in clear meanders play'd:
Deep in that vale there liv'd an humble youth,
The simple emblem of unspotted truth;
Fresh as the blooming fields from whence he came,
Pure as the streams, and Alibeg his name.—
Oft would he strive, in wild and rural lays,
The tuneful voice of Harmony to raise;
Th' enraptur'd swains his wondrous skill approve,
And ev'ry virgin's soul is fill'd with love.

With such nice art the shepherd play'd and sung,
That on each note the list'ning audience hung;
Th' admiring swains, and ev'ry rural maid,
Delighted, sought the consecrated shade:
And, while he warbled, woods and plains among,
Apollo listen'd, and approv'd the song.

One morn, great Abbas (tir'd of gay resorts)
Thro' Tempé's vale pursued his rural sports;
When lo! sweet music quivers thro' the shade,
As if the strain some sylvan god had play'd.
Struck with the music of the tuneful reed,
He seeks the place from whence the notes proceed;
Where soon the shepherd strikes the monarch's view
(The fairest swain of all the sylvan crew):
His seat a moss-grown bank, a crook he bore;
His pipe was rais'd, a shepherd's garb he wore;

He watch'd the rippling fountain's silver tide,
The while his flocks skipp'd round the mountain-side.

Enwrapp'd in silent awe, great Abbas stood,
And thus address'd the shepherd of the wood :—

" O ! youth celestial ! whosoe'er thou art,
" That with such melting airs enslav'st my heart,
" Say, dost thou here descend, with heav'nly strains,
" To sooth the wretch's woe, the lover's pains ?
" For sure such notes as charm this mystic bow'r
" Are play'd by some divine superior pow'r !"

The youth replied—" I'm one of humble swains
" Who lead their flocks o'er Tempé's blissful plains ;
" Of parentage obscure, I love to view
" The lowly spot from whence my breath I drew ;
" O'er rising hills my gentle flock I lead,
" And to soft rural music tune my reed ;
" While all the birds on ev'ry bloomy spray
" Will raise their notes to imitate the lay.

" And oft my pipe will secret charms impart,
" To sooth the sorrows of a wounded heart :
" When lovers plead in vain, one melting air
" Will charm to pity th' unrelenting fair.
" 'Twas early Instinct taught me first to sing,
" And bade my hand awake the silver string ;
" And when I warbled thro' the sacred shade,
" 'Twas Nature's voice, and Nature I obey'd.

Thus spake the humble swain ; the King, amaz'd,
At the fair youth with secret rapture gaz'd.

" Pity" (he cried) " that Virtue's purest ray
" Should in a desert wither and decay ;
" That Truth and Merit, with such wisdom join'd
" As dwells within this lovely shepherd's mind,
" Should thus lie hid, uncherish'd and forlorn,
" As vi'lets blow, conceal'd beneath the thorn.

" Sweet youth! so vers'd in ev'ry gentle art,
" If grandeur once can captivate thy heart,
" With me to cities and to courts repair,
" And let thy matchless talents flourish there:
" Let not such wisdom wither in a wild,
" Emblem of Virtue! Nature's fairest child!
" But leave these plains, and tend thy sheep no more,
" And taste of pleasures unenjoy'd before."

A crimson blush o'erspread the shepherd's cheek;
His will consented, tho' he fear'd to speak:
He long'd to go, yet lov'd his dear retreat,—
His heart exulted, and his bosom beat.
From the blue hills a rural band appear
With ev'ry vestige of the purple year;
While Health and Beauty, with a native grace,
Bless'd ev'ry form, and shone in ev'ry face.
They ask the swain to join the sportive scene,
In all the harmless gambols of the green;
In circling dances with the nymphs unite,
On the deft toe, fantastically light!
But, when the kingly Abbas struck their view,
They gaz'd in silence; still their wonder grew;
Whilst he himself (unskill'd in rustic lore)
Beheld a sight he never met before.

He now exerts his pow'r and gentle sway,
To lead the shepherd from the fields away
To splendid courts, where Pride triumphant reigns—
A sad exchange for Tempé's blissful plains!

The shepherds wept, and ev'ry rural fair
Beat her white breast, and rent her auburn hair;
Deep sighs are heard, while tears incessant flow
In all the sad vicissitude of woe.

But one fair nymph rush'd forth into his arms
(The first in sorrow, as the first in charms);

From her bright eyes the tears in torrents pour'd ;
She clasp'd his hand, and, kneeling, thus implor'd :—

" Oh ! stay content, for in our native plains
" No pow'r oppresses, and no force constrains :
" Let Sylvia's love thy wand'ring steps arrest,
" And Tempé's vale shall not remain unblest.
" Aw'd by thy virtue, and compell'd by shame,
" Long have I cherish'd, but conceal'd, the flame;
" Oh ! let thy breast that gen'rous passion feel,
" Which this sad moment bids me here reveal;—

" For Love first breath'd his sighs in sylvan air,
" And taught the swains to prize the rural fair ;
" In humble climes he wounds the yielding maid,
" Dwells in dark woods, and warms the silent shade :
" Sweets bloom around, and own a magic pow'r,
" While Venus haunts the consecrated bow'r."

When thus the swain—" Oh ! hush thy griefs awhile,
" And for each tear shall soon succeed a smile:
" Dispel those sighs, nor sadly mourn in vain ;
" We part, indeed ! but 'tis to meet again:
" Where'er I go, whatever realms to see,
" My heart, unchang'd, shall fondly turn to thee ;
" Those sighs, which now thy heaving bosom fill,
" Shall in my sad remembrance murmur still."

The swain departed, and with him he took
His sylvan music, and his shepherd's crook ;
He left the former scenes he lov'd so well,
And bade to Tempé's vale a sad farewell.

They slowly pass o'er ev'ry hill and glade,
Explore each grot, and pierce the thickest shade.
As the fair youth some well-known object met,
He heav'd a sigh, and parted with regret.
Now distant cities from afar they view'd,
Which seem'd t' extend as onward they pursu'd ;

He wept in silence, while his ling'ring feet
Reluctant bore him from his dear retreat.

They reach the spot; the stranger's wond'ring eyes
See lofty spires of palaces arise:
While hallow'd domes appear with sacred pride,
And Trade's wide marts are seen on ev'ry side.
Th' admiring swain with secret rapture gaz'd
At ev'ry pile the pow'rs of Art had rais'd;
Yet mourn'd to think these mighty labours all
Must join great Nature's universal fall.

To Court the youth was led, in glitt'ring vest;
Each noble heart admir'd the humble guest;
His manly beauty and superior worth
Made all forget his lowliness of birth;
Such native sweetness, mix'd with decent pride,
Brav'd Slander's sting, and Envy's scorn defy'd.

Great Abbas lov'd the youth, well-pleas'd to view
That ev'ry year his talents riper grew;
And fondly oft presag'd his future fate,
To rise a shining figure in the state.

As some fair flow'ret in a wild conceal'd,
Where no kind pasture bids its blossoms yield,
Chok'd in its growth, it needs a fost'ring hand
Quickly to move it to some fertile land;
But, when transplanted to more genial earth,
The bloom appears, and gives its beauty birth;
Urg'd by warm suns, and mild refreshing dews,
The buds burst forth in all their lively hues;
Its lovely form rewards the planter's care,
And with ambrosial fragrance fills the air.

While thus the swain enjoys his virtuous deeds,
Great Abbas dies—the sorrowing nation bleeds;

His sudden fate, by Death's terrific dart,
Fills ev'ry eye, and saddens ev'ry heart:
The rich and poor alike his smiles did share,—
Wealth claim'd his justice, Poverty his care;
The weak and lowly never sued in vain,
And gentle Mercy mark'd his pious reign.

But now the son, a youth of noble fire,
Succeeds his honour'd and lamented sire;
Bless'd with each virtue that can e'er create
A monarch truly wise, and truly great.

Still humble Al'beg (unaspiring swain!)
With judgment rul'd, beneath a blissful reign;
His noble mind all baser actions scorn'd,
And thought mankind with all his worth adorn'd:
But baneful Envy strove to blast his fame,
And blend with hateful infamy his name.

'Twas falsely rumour'd (with a dire intent)
The realm was injur'd, and it's treasures spent;
That certain jewels were obtain'd by stealth,
Drain'd by deep fraud from out the nation's wealth.

When Alibeg the shameful rumour heard,
And knew each tale that Slander had preferr'd,
He wept alone; his heart, o'ercharg'd with grief,
Sought in a peaceful solitude relief:
But Virtue bade his soul to truth aspire,
Restor'd his courage, and renew'd his fire,
Inflam'd his ardour, strengthen'd Honour's tide,
So, scorning base Reproach, he thus replied:—

"Oh, King! this fate has taught my heart to know
"Few are the joys that riches can bestow;
"E'en I (the humblest of the splendid throng)
"Have felt the sting of Slander's baneful tongue.
"My mansion search, each secret place explore,
"Drag into light the rich and guilty store;

" If such be found to slur my spotless name,
" My death shall end your anger and my shame."

Thus spake the swain;—the King went forth to find
The hidden treasure said to be purloin'd;
While the whole court (a persecuting race!)
Presag'd his future ruin and disgrace.

They search'd each chamber with peculiar care,
And found no stores nor hidden treasures there;
In vain they all each dark recess explor'd,
No means are found to trace the guilty hoard.

Enrag'd at this, the angry Monarch cried—
" Thy worth, Oh, youth! has now been fairly tried;
" Drag forth thy sland'rers vile, and shew the age
" They perish all, as victims of my rage."

Thus spake the King;—a pamper'd son of Pride
Rose from the trembling crowd, and thus replied:—
" 'Tis true, as yet, our search has been in vain,
" And Fortune favours still her artful swain;
" But vain are all endeavours to conceal
" A foe so daring to the public weal:
" A place there is (unknown to public eye),
" Where close conceal'd, the gold and jewels lie;
" Of curious structure, where the artist's skill
" Has tried to thwart the bold intruder's will:
" Oft is he seen to ope the secret door,
" And look with rapture on the hidden store;
" With gestures strange his sordid joy to shew,
" While dread of parting causes tears to flow."

Back went the King the hidden store to seek,—
A flush of joy o'erspread the shepherd's cheek;
His conscious virtue scorn'd the least disguise,—
The secret door is open'd to their eyes,
And all behold the long expected prize.
No precious gold or jewels meet their sight,
'Twas humbler treasures gave the swain delight;

All they beheld, the knotty crook he bore,
The sylvan pipe, the shepherd's garb he wore
When first he met the royal Abbas' view,
And with his music charm'd the sylvan crew,
Before he felt the force of Slander's tale,
And left the joys of Tempé's blissful vale.

" Take all," he cried, " with pleasure I restore
" All that your honour'd father gave before;
" No wealth I crave, no titles I require,
" The unask'd gift of your departed sire:
" Such fleeting honours I with joy resign,
" All are your own, but these are truly mine.
" Oh! let me to my native shades repair,
" And once more learn to tend my fleecy care;
" Let my deluded heart but learn to know
" The source from whence our purest pleasures flow;
" That simpler joys alone delight the soul,
" While sweet Contentment waits to bless the whole.

" Before my heart from Tempé's vale withdrew,
" My joys were many, and my cares were few;
" If e'er I wept, my fav'rite lamb had stray'd,
" Love rais'd my fears, or Friendship prov'd a shade:
" But then my pipe supply'd a soothing strain,
" Which lull'd my sorrows, and which eas'd my pain.
" How bless'd the days before I learn'd to roam,
" When Fortune smil'd upon my peaceful home;
" No guilt was cast upon my humble name,
" I thought no road but Virtue led to Fame;
" For, tho' a shepherd, Honour's spark divine
" Within this breast has not refus'd to shine;
" And, tho' by Fortune plac'd so near a throne,
" No deeds I've done my heart disdains to own—
" Then let me once more join the sylvan crew,
" And bid the world and all its cares adieu,
" Tune my sweet pipe, and wear the rustic vest
" In which your father found me, truly blest;

" Before I knew the mis'ry to be great,
" The sad memorials of my happier state.

" But should thy wrath an injur'd shepherd doom
" To seek the dark and solitary tomb,
" Let friendly Silence o'er my fate prevail,
" Nor with the tidings sadden Tempé's vale:
" Think on those days of innocence and joy
" When you beheld me first, a shepherd-boy;
" Rais'd by your sire, unworthy and unknown,
" To form his councils, and to guard his throne:
" Think, if I e'er (since first your grace I won)
" Deceiv'd the father, or betray'd the son,
" Abus'd that pow'r your honour'd parent gave,
" And let my wrongs lie buried in the grave.

" Short is the date of sublunary joy!
" What sudden griefs our present peace destroy!
" He who, to-day, each earthly bliss may share,
" To-morrow falls a victim to Despair:
" But still from earth th' ethereal spirit flies
" To brighter honours, treasur'd in the skies,
" Bids earthly strife and earthly tumult cease,
" And soars to realms of piety and peace.

" Then let your vengeance haste me to my fate
" (Less dreadful far than infamy and hate);
" But spare that fame my bosom fondly rear'd,
" Nor scorn the object whom you once rever'd;
" And, should fair Virtue o'er my humble bier
" Pour the deep sigh, or drop a holy tear,
" Such hallow'd gifts as weeping Virtue pays
" Shall bless my mem'ry, and my tomb shall raise,
" Bid future times each worthy deed recall,
" Tho' envious traitors glory in my fall."

Thus spake the injur'd youth of Tempé's vale;
Vice was appall'd, and Slander's face grew pale:

Such modest worth each gen'rous bosom charm'd,
And pois'nous Envy, trembling, stood disarm'd;
While lynx-ey'd Malice yields to virtuous Fame,
And hides its head in everlasting shame.

"Oh! matchless worth! (the wond'ring Monarch cried,)
"Blush, ev'ry child of supercilious Pride!
"See in this youth fair Virtue's purest fire,
"With which the gods all nobler minds inspire;
"'Tis his to range the spheres of Fancy bright,
"And shew mankind the force of Reason's light.

"Shall sland'rous Envy lift aloft its head,
"And all around a dire contagion spread?
"Shall Pride, Deceit, and Folly, guard my throne,
"While modest Worth is perishing unknown,
"And Vice rewarded? shall great Abbas' son
"Disgrace the palms his ancestors have won?
"Hence from my sight, ye persecuting race!
"No more the Monarch or his realm disgrace;
"Let upright men my people's freedom guard,
"And modest Merit meet its due reward;
"Let Worth once more my injur'd kingdom sway,
"No more let humble Virtue Vice obey;
"But all be chang'd, and royal Abbas' son
"Bestow the laurel where 'tis nobly won."

Thus spake the Monarch, flush'd with honest rage;
None dar'd to speak, his fury to assuage;
But conscious Guilt in silence stole away,
And Virtue won the honours of the day.

A FAMILIAR AND DESCRIPTIVE TALE.

[*Continued from p.* 177.]

AUTHOR.—At Garnier's (where I last left off)
I met a friend, and College Soph;
With whom (when compliments were paid,
And John, the waiter, cloth had laid)
I took my chop, and cheerful glass,
In bumpers to our King, and lass.
The cloth remov'd, we talk'd of news,
Of Popham * and his gallant crews,
Who first attack'd, then took, the Cape,
And thanks receiv'd in ev'ry shape;
Which made us think 'twas somehow wrong
To bring the late Court-Martial on;
As first applaud, and then condemn,
Seem'd dang'rous with our Navy men,
As likely, in some future case,
To check their ardour in a chase;
And after bring them to a trial,
Tho' good their will—beyond denial.
But change of men, we often find,
Will strangely change both things and mind.
Would this have been (observ'd my friend)
If Pitt had liv'd to see the end?
Or, if it had, it surely would
Been more *pro forma* understood.
But what is wrong, when men are *out*,
When *in*—will strangely turn about.
Thus, having canvass'd these things o'er,
We saunter'd to the op'ra-door;

* Such was the order of the day, and the circumstances, at the time this Tale was begun.

Which reach'd, we took a gall'ry-seat,
And then enjoy'd the richest treat
That human powers could refine,
From scen'ry, dance, and song divine;
For, in the notes the warbler * sings,
She's queen of all harmonious things,
Beyond what amateurs will tell ye,
The pow'rs and voice of Farinelli;
And while enraptur'd we behold,
Like him †—she'll touch our English gold.
The op'ra o'er—we join'd a rout,
Where cards and dancing went about
Till call'd to supper, just at four,
Tho' somewhat late I thought the hour;
Yet pipe and tabor did recall
The merry dancers to the ball;
When suddenly a buzz went round
That Lady C— had left the ground,
And Col'nel F. was also gone,
Leaving his partner all alone;
But, strange as you may think—the cause
Gave to the dance but little pause;—
And Miss, neglected, soon stood up,
Enliven'd by a Rhenish cup,
And bore her loss with true *sang froid*,
Enchanted with the hand of ——
And tripp'd, till six, the mazy dance,
Regardless of the late mischance;
But whisper'd, as they left the door,
'Twas what was look'd for long before;
And only thought her Lord to blame,
To leave such lovely charms, to game.

---

* Catalani.

† It is said, when he returned home, he built him a superb mansion, or villa, and *most gratefully* called it "The English Folly!"

FRIEND.—And, nine times out of ten, you'll trace
That husbands cause their own disgrace;
For if to beauty men are blind,
And are to gaming more inclin'd,
Neglect will warp the chastest mind;
Nor can Example's weighty plea
Be urg'd to aid Inconstancy.
And why should lordly man alone,
Have legal power to disown
A wife—if chance she goes astray—
When he himself thus leads the way?
'Twere better, sure, for Virtue's sake,
If equal law a wife could take,
And got dissolv'd from marriage ties,
When in her Lord the error lies;
Divorces then would fewer be,
And all things tend to harmony.

[*To be continued.*]

THE PRIEST, THE PILGRIM, AND THE PURSE.

A TALE.

Two rogues, the Gusmans of the day,
Roving about in search of prey,
After a long and fruitful dance,
Met at a pretty town in France:
Their first inquiries being made,
As, How was hemp? How flourish'd trade?
Agreed to make a common purse,
And join for better or for worse.
This done, it now remain'd to find
The gen'ral bent of people's mind;
What characters of ev'ry sort
Were fittest subjects for the sport:

After much converse to and fro,
With ev'ry class, both high and low,
They found the idol of the place
Was one fat Father Firebrace *.
This priest usurp'd supreme control,
And boldly domineer'd the soul,
Held common sense in woful thrall,
Had beggar'd some, and cheated all:
Of reliques he'd a monstrous store,
Saints' elbows, eyes, and thumbs galore;
He had, to keep the devil from us,
Jaggs from the toe-nails of St. Thomas;
The slippers of the Virgin Mary,
And good St. Jerome's Breviary;
The saint's own glorious act and deed,
And written when he cou'dn't read!

No tongue but with his praises wagg'd;
In his behalf no virtue lagg'd:
So pious, generous, and free,
This worthy soul was said to be,
That ev'ry one, in ev'ry station,
Kept trumpetting his commendation:
They said 'twas conscience void of guile,
That gave his face a smirking smile;
They said, of all the crimes accurst,
He reckon'd avarice the worst;
They said, in short, they thought this priest
A very saint on earth, at least.
Methinks I hear some reader say
He was the Phœnix of his day;
'Tis true, he was, in inclination,
For ev'ry vice and dissipation;
To skim the cream of worldly pelf,
He beat Hypocrisy itself;

---

* Derived, I presume, from Fierbras.

With such a saint-like cover hid,
He seem'd devout in all he did.

Our rogues (too roguish for his guile)
Thought him an object worth their while;
And, wishing much to view the face
Of famous Father Firebrace,
His chapel happening to pass,
Call'd in to take a slice of Mass.—
The priest, true son of Mother Church,
Was elevated on his perch;
And, holding forth with ostentation,
Thus thunder'd to the congregation:—
" Of all the sins which curse our race,
" Av'rice usurps the foremost place;
" But trust me, brethren, 'tis a crime
" Will meet its own reward in time.
" A gen'rous heart, with sense replete,
" Will frustrate knav'ry and deceit;
" While he who covets worldly pelf
" Does nothing but deceive himself!"
The service o'er, our rogues depart,
And hug the maxim to their heart.
The elder thief thus spoke his brother:—
" All men are rogues to one another;
" Then wonder not, 'twixt you and me,
" That some rogues thrive as well as we.
" Observe what dupes the folks are made;
" Sure, preaching is a thriving trade;
" To cheat such simple fools as these
" Can surely be no master-piece;
" But hear! and Merc'ry be my teacher,
" I will not only cheat the preacher,
" But, like a very lad of leather,
" Dupe priest and people all together.—
" Now listen to my fertile scheme,
" And realize the golden dream.

" You know our common stock, of course,
" Three hundred ducats in a purse;
" Of these, two hundred will I take,
" And boldly venture as a stake;
" I'll pledge, that e'er two days be o'er,
" To bring you in two hundred more."

This plan, propos'd with resolution,
Was quickly put in execution.
The elder thief, disguis'd with care,
Appear'd a pilgrim to a hair;
His cheeks seem'd haggard, pale, and lean,
And Famine reign'd throughout his mien,
Worn down with penitence and grief—
A famous object for relief.
The other rogue, with equal art,
Ready to play the second part,
Just like a wealthy merchant drest,
Waited the issue of the jest.
Our pilgrim, eager to begin,
And thinking all delay a sin,
Barefoot, with proper staff in hand,
Near the priest's mansion took his stand;
A mansion much too good for those
Who style themselves the devil's foes
Yet have no scruples to intrigue
With Satan's self, and make a league,
Provided, 'till a certain day,
He will not hurry them away.
The priest appear'd among the poor,
Who daily visited his door;
For ostentation made him give,
To have his reputation live;
But read his heart: it said at bottom—
" As for the poor, why, devil rot 'em."
Our pilgrim, shuffling thro' with grace,
Obtain'd at length a foremost place,

And, right within the Pastor's view,
He stood in front of all the crew:
He had, by help of sundry leeks,
Forc'd tears of anguish down his cheeks,
And, making up a woful phiz,
He thus address'd the saint-like quiz:—
" Behold my weak exhausted frame;
" From weary pilgrimage I came:
" To beg the Virgin's grace divine,
" I've visited Loretto's shrine;
" But on the way, good worthy Sir,
" Satan has tried to make me err,
" In sending me, by way of curse,
" The sad mishap to find a purse;
" In using which I should be bold,
" Since Satan tempts mankind with gold;
" But, pious Father, if you please
" To set my troubled heart at ease,
" Accept, in trust, this weighty trash
" (Two hundred ducats in hard cash);
" And if, before the week is gone,
" It be not own'd by any one,
" Divide these ducats with the poor,
" And bring a blessing to your door."
The priest was thunderstruck past measure
With offer of this princely treasure;
And still more thunderstruck to find
A fool so desperately blind.
In haste he pocketed the pelf,
Resolv'd to keep it all himself,
And, striving to conceal his glee,
Address'd our prince of mummery:—
" Brother, thy duty thou hast done;
" Rejoice therein! nay, boast, my son!
" For such a well-intended deed,
" Be sure thou wilt receive thy meed;

" Go to my kitchen, get thee food,
" A little wine might do thee good,—
" 'Twill to thine action give a zest,
" And lull thy conscience safe to rest."
" Stop!" quoth the pilgrim, with a face
Distorted into sad grimace;
" Since, Father, I've resign'd this purse,
" Which might have prov'd my bitter curse,
" My conscience feels not any qualms
" To ask pecuniary alms;
" Since 'tis my trade, you know, to thrive
" By trifles which good Christians give;
" To-morrow, if you will confer
" This favour on me, worthy Sir,
" I'll stand indebted to your pains
" More than the sum of worldly gains;—
" When Mass is truly sung and said,
" When all the pray'rs are duly read,
" Relate the merits of my case
" With all your energy and grace;
" And beg the alms of pious men,
" To set me on my way again."
" This, brother, will I do for thee;
" To-morrow morning come to me;
" Then to my chapel we'll repair,
" And take the needful measures there."
The wary pilgrim humbly bow'd,
Withdrew to mingle with the crowd,
Saw each his charity receive,
And trudg'd home, laughing in his sleeve.
Next morning, well equipp'd, he goes,
Still barefoot, and with tender toes;
He follow'd Firebrace to chapel,
Elated with the promis'd grapple,
And, shuffling up the aisle, he stood
As near the Father as he could.

The priest, before the congregation
(Mass being o'er) could quit their station,
Summon'd his eloquence together,
And thus held forth with lungs of leather :—
" Friends ! I have something strange to say,
" Which does not happen ev'ry day ;
" A story singular and true,
" Which doubtless will astonish you.
" This pilgrim, brethren, whom you see,
" Came a few days ago to me,
" And brought a purse, which he has found
" With store of ducats, on the ground :
" But, as his vow will not permit
" That he should make an use of it,
" He laid this present at my door,
" As distribution for the poor,
" Provided that no proper claim
" Shall be establish'd to the same
" Before the present week be out
" (A most unlikely thing, no doubt.)
" This is a noble deed ; in fact,
" 'Tis a most pious, gen'rous, act ;
" I'm very sure you'll not refuse
" A contribution * for his use,
" And offer farthings, shillings, pence,
" A tribute to his pious sense.
" Now I, who am the pauper's feeder,
" Must set example, as your leader ;
" For such beneficence, of course,
" I always keep an open purse :
" Here is a sum, my zeal to vouch,
" Twenty good ducats from my pouch ;

* Contributions were not then so *common* as at present: vide Contribution for the *amiable* Miss Taylor.

" But as, in such a situation,
" Considering this great occasion,
" To lose a penny were a sin,
" My mantle shall collect it in."
This said, he twitch'd at both the strings,
And from his back the vestment flings;
'Twas quickly catch'd at by the rabble,
And who should hold it was the squabble.
The garment was expanded wide,
And handed on from side to side;
The priest his benefaction threw,
The very first of all the crew;
Each something in the mantle pops,
And alms pour in as thick as hops.
The pilgrim, with a thankful face,
Pockets the cash, and quits the place;
When instantly, amid the throng
A man came elbowing along:
Attired in a *merchant's* dress,
He made his way among the press;
And, having pass'd thro' all the throng,
He thus gave utt'rance to his tongue:—
" Stop! stop!" he cried, renown'd Divine,
" That purse the pilgrim found is mine;
" For proof at once, contains well told
" Two hundred ducats sterling gold;
" Is green, and tied with silver strings,
" With two gold knobs, and three brass rings.
" How very lucky 'twas I came
" Just time enough to make my claim:
" I faint for joy! Hand out the purse,
" For fear suspense should make me worse."
So saying, out he stretch'd his hand,—
The priest comply'd with his demand,
Reluctantly resign'd his store,
Now gone, alas! for evermore;

While the sly thief withdrew apace,
And joy illumin'd all his face!

The merchant gone, the crowd dispers'd;
The priest remain'd; he swore, he curs'd.
For ever cheated of his hopes,
In vain his empty pouch he gropes;
Stares like a madman at the feat,
And comprehends at once the cheat;
Wails his evaporated pelf,
Withdraws to execrate himself,
His heavy losses to deplore,
And gull the multitude of more!

T. W.

THE COTTAGE ON THE HEATH.

NIGHT.—A STORM.

When by the taper's trembling light
I waste the lonely hour,
And hear the boding bird of night
Scream from her ivy'd bow'r;

When thro' my half-illumin'd room
The hurrying lightnings glare,
Pale Melancholy stalks the gloom,
And leads the fiend Despair.

The sullen thunder's distant roll
Adds terror to the scene;
And moaning blasts, that thrill the soul,
Drive far the thought serene.

When the dull bat, ill-omen'd thing,
Seeks shelter from the storm;
And round my cot, on leathern wing,
Flits its detested form;

In such an hour, whence can the heart
  Draw comfort or repose?
Pierc'd by Ingratitude's keen dart,
  And sinking 'neath its woes!

The dying embers fade away
  In silent, dull, retreat;
While my *sole* friend, my faithful Tray,
  Creeps closer to my feet.

Emblem of constancy and truth!
  Had man been just, like thee,
Then had the blossoms of my youth
  Not wither'd on the tree;

But, firmly fix'd on sturdy root,
  Had flourish'd fair above,
And the green branches borne the fruit
  Of Friendship and of Love!

Th' increasing storm howls o'er the waste,
  Fast falls the rattling rain;
And, hark! I hear some steps in haste
  Press onward o'er the plain:

And now they reach my cottage-door,
  Led by the glimm'ring light;
I hear an humble voice implore
  A shelter for the night.

For help implor'd shall I refuse,
  And bar the surly gate?
Shall fear its chilling doubts infuse,
  And bid the wand'rer wait?

No; when the wretched ask for aid,
  And I that aid deny;
When I not cheer the drooping maid,
  Or bid the orphan fly;

Or, when the widow'd soul, forlorn,
I banish from my cot,
Be poverty, distress, and scorn,
And man's contempt, my lot!

I ope the door, the stranger greet,
He seems a vet'ran tar;
His breast, compell'd the storm to meet,
Is mark'd with many a scar.

I wipe the storm-drench'd seaman's head,
I heap the kindling log,
Place on my board cold meat aud bread,
And mix the cheering grog.

Where is the heart, in Nature's round,
Her influ'nce can withstand?
E'en Tray leaps up in friendly bound,
And licks the stranger's hand.

He tells his tale, describes the storm
That drove him on the shore;
Tells how dark clouds the skies deform,
How pealing thunders roar:

And, as he mourns his shipmates dead,
Quick starts the trickling tear;
Bow'd down with grief, his manly head
Bends o'er their wat'ry bier!

I strive to chase his cares away,
And ply the sparkling bowl;
And bid him hope a better day
Shall glad his honest soul.

Banish despair!—Be this our toast!
" May Mem'ry cheer the gloom,
" And from past joys we mourn as lost
" Wake hope of joys to come!"

Lyceum Theatre. J. MARSHALL.

THE INVALIDS OF A MIDDLESEX VILLAGE.

A FEW days since, as you shall hear,
I went to see a neighbour near;
Six months it was since last I'd been,
The Lady wore a distant mien.
We bade good-morrow, and convers'd
Of weather, which is always first;
Then I inquired her spouse's health,
That was a subject full of wealth:
" O, Ma'am, he's ill, he's almost dead,
" A vertigo is in his head;
" It took him, Ma'am, the other night,
" And put me in a grievous fright:
" He's kept his bed, Ma'am, ever since,
" And takes confection, made of quince,
" With Iceland moss, and Greenland wood,
" Together stew'd, to do him good."
" He must be very bad," said I,
" When such a compound doctors try;
" I hope he'll quickly ease attain,
" And th' vertigo soon leave his brain."
A pause ensu'd, when, quite forgetting
The story she had been repeating,
I thoughtless ask'd, " Pray, did our friend
" The meeting * yesterday attend?
" I saw the sheriffs as they went,
" But knew not then for what intent.
" Were many there, and did they seem
" T' approve of this new thanking theme?"
The Lady, lifting up her eyes,
In terms like these express'd surprise:—
" Lord, Ma'am! he was so bad, you know
" That out of bed he could not go:

* To thank Col. Wardle.

" Have I not just this moment said,
" That all the day he kept his bed ?
" Indeed, he was so ill, I thought
" Some dreadful fever he had caught :
" He was so ev'ry-way distrest,
" Poor creature ! he could get no rest."
" I trust he's better, Ma'am," said I,
" I thought I did him just espy
" Walking the garden, as I came,"
" O dear !" says she, " he's much to blame ;
" But I suppose he went for air :
" Poor soul ! I hope he's taken care
" To wrap himself against the cold ;
" You know, dear Ma'am, we're growing old :
" As for myself, I am so weak,
" I scarce have strength enough to speak ;
" All night I was so very ill,
" I was oblig'd to take a pill ;
" And really now I feel so low,
" Across the room I scarce can go."
Thus on she went with sad complaining,
And I from laughter scarce refraining :
After a little lighter matter,
Which men say women always chatter,
We pass'd about an hour away,
Then up I rose, and said, " Good day !"
Now any person must suppose
People so sick would choose repose ;
But they mistake the matter quite,
For, soon as Phœbus dimm'd his light,
These invalids, who could not bear
To breathe a little morning air,
Full dress'd, paraded to a party
To play at cards, quite blithe and hearty.
Sure cards must have a magic spell,
So soon to make the sick so well ;

Charms must abound in ev'ry ace,
So easy illness to displace;
And potent, surely, are the springs,
That rule the hist'ry of four kings,
They finding means, for many an hour,
T' amuse the fretful and the sour.
Sometimes I think, if Death was near,
The gamester would forget to hear,
And drive the tyrant from his gate,
And tell him he must longer wait;
Nor at the present call his name,
But let him finish t'other game;
That seeing him quite makes him sick,
And, blund'ring, he shall lose th' odd trick:
Tho' Death, perhaps, won't mind his moan,
But take him, ere the rubber's done,
To settle honours, tricks, and stakes,
Where no one any blunder makes.

AUGUSTA.

THE CAST OF THE EYE; OR, THE ARROWS OF CUPID.

TO MISS H. S, OF RICHMOND, IN VIRGINIA.

Si pæta es, similis Veneri.—OVID.
That cast in your eye makes you look like a Venus.

THAT lovers should smart for the arrows of Cupid;—
Romantic, fantastic, nonsensical, stupid!
The archer is blind, as recorded by Fame,
Then how can his godship, pray, ever take aim?
What say you, ye sportsmen, ye friends of the gun,
Could you shoot at a woodcock, if eyes you had none?
Then how can this archer, pray, e'er hit the mark,
Whose arrows at random are shot in the dark?

No; the arrows of Cupid are these, I declare,
The death-darting eyes of the sure-aiming fair.

Ah! who would have thought, when I cross'd the Atlantic,
These arrows with passion had made me so frantic?
Well, Cupid, I own it is certainly true,
We sooner or later are conquer'd by you.
In England, in Flanders, and frolicsome France,
I ne'er felt the smart of a sure-killing glance;
There, Cupid, your darts, tho' you scatter'd them all,
Could never touch me, indeed I'm so small.
By this my good luck, I evaded each dart,
Despis'd all your love-tricks, not knowing their smart;
But at length I'm subdu'd thro' my folly by thee,
And this in a world independent and free.
At Woodstock, so noted for Rosamond's Bow'r,
You play'd the sly trick, and exerted your pow'r;
In the eyes of gay Hannah, that magical fair,
Your darts you surrender'd, and fix'd them all there:
What mischief they scatter'd I'm sensibly taught,—
No sooner I gaz'd, but, alas! I was caught:
Let the youth then beware, lest to Woodstock he rove,
And feel to his sorrow the arrows of Love;
For Hannah of Woodstock, so bewitching and sly,
Will kill him, I'm sure, by that cast in her eye:
To me it was fatal, such mischief was in't,
She shot me the first time, and all by a squint;
Then let him not venture, tho' ever so brave,—
His courage, in that case, must make him her slave;
Like me he'll become either frantic or stupid,
For who can resist all the arrows of Cupid?

P. W.

ON READING THE ACCOUNT OF THE BATTLE OF ASPERN.

See on the plain a steely circle stands
In deep array, and spreads in radiant bands;
Hark! the shrill trumpet sends a mortal sound,
And prancing horses shake the solid ground:
The surly drums beat terrible afar,
With all the dreadful music of a war;
From the drawn swords effulgent flames arise,
Flash o'er the plains, and lighten to the skies;
The heav'ns above, the fields and floods beneath,
Glare formidably bright, and shine with death;
In fiery storms descends a murd'ring show'r,
Thick flash the light'nings, fierce the thunders roar;
Death shakes aloft his dart, and, o'er his prey,
Gigantic stalking, marks with blood his way;
Mountains of heroes slain deform the ground,—
The shape of man half-buried in the wound.

But who is he, who stern bestrides the plain,
Who drives triumphant o'er huge hills of slain?
Serene, while engines from the hostile tow'r
Rain from their brazen mouths an iron show'r,
While turbid fiery smoke obscures the day,
Hews thro' the thickest ranks his desp'rate sway?
'Tis *Archduke Charles* the brave, who leads the train
Of martial heroes o'er the bloody plain.

But see the Gallic squadrons wildly run,
In thronging crowds, to meet the death they shun;
They quit the field, their wretched lives to save,
But in the river * find a wat'ry grave.
May Heav'n preserve this hero long below—
A hero born to scourge our Gallic foe!
But tho' Ambition his just vengeance feel,
He fights to save, and only strikes to heal.

W. F. K.

* Danube.

ANSWERS TO THE CLASSICAL ENIGMA

In No. IV. of the Poet. Mag. p. 211.

TO SINCERITAS.

Endymion was the tender swain
For whom the chaste Diana sigh'd;
Laius the hapless father slain,
When first by Œdipus espy'd:
Itys the child that Progne slew,
And to old Tereus serv'd for food;
Zethus, Amphion's brother, who
Took Thebes, with Lycus' blood imbru'd:
Atys, the son of Crœsus, fell
By arrow from Adrastus' bow;
Th' initials, join'd, disclose your belle,—
ELIZA is the name you'd know.

H. I. W.

Endymion was he whom Diana admir'd,
They frequently met on the hill;
And *Laius* the King, who (by anger inspir'd)
His son did unknowingly kill:
Itys the child whom a mother destroy'd,
To avenge a lov'd sister's disgrace;
And *Zethus* it was who poor Lycus annoy'd,
Took Thebes, and then reign'd in his place.
Atys, we know, by Adrastus was slain,
As he valiantly hunted the boar;
Hence ELIZA's the name of the nymph, I'll maintain,
Whom you love—may you still love her more!

August 4, 1809. THEOPHILUS.

TO G. F.

ON READING HIS LINES ADDRESSED TO ELIZA IN THE FIRST NUMBER OF THE POETICAL MAGAZINE.

IMPASSION'D Bard! of kindred soul
With him who pens this rhyming scroll,
Whose young pulse throbs without control
To Love;

Permit a brother in the art
In mimic numbers to impart
How much devoted is his heart
To Love.

Like thee, a beauteous fair I prize,
Of form seraphic, "azure eyes,"
Whose bosom breathes its warmest sighs
To Love.

The fair does not my passion spurn,
Nor hopeless does my bosom burn,
For I have met a kind return
To Love.

How blissful is the junction sweet,
When hearts do thus in concord meet!
O God! how rapturous they beat
To Love!

I cannot think, O Bard! that *you*
Could long a feeling fair pursue,
And fail the darling girl to woo
To Love.

Castle-Street, August 7, 1809. M. S.

TOO MUCH LOVE.

"Oh! Lubin, do you love me?
"Prithee tell me, or I die:"
"Oh! dear Moggy," Lubin said,
"You teize me so—I wish you dead."

LINES

ADDRESSED TO SIR THOMAS TURTON, BART. M. P.

On his Exertions in Parliament in behalf of Insolvent Debtors.

BY JOHN MOOR.

TURTON ! example to the great ! attend ;
Thy fame I'll sing ;—Fame calls thee Poor Man's Friend ;
Thy deeds proclaim thee gen'rous, good, and kind ;
Thy actions are an index to thy mind :
Words are imperfect to proclaim thy praise,
But Imperfection strives her voice to raise.
What hast thou done to merit such applause ?
What hast thou not done in the debtor's cause,
Where families were lost in wretchedness,
O'erwhelm'd with sorrow, wand'ring in distress ?
Thus wives and husbands were immerg'd in grief,—
Thou art the man who first propos'd relief !
Thus children cry'd " When will my father come ?
" Oh ! how I wish to see him safe at home !"
Thus fathers said, " What will my children do ?
" I cannot give them bread, where can they go ?"
Thus families by thousands were distress'd,—
Thou art the man who first their wants redress'd.
Tho' creditors have menac'd, they have found
Their threat'nings spurn'd at—trampled on the ground ;
And each unfeeling monster must agree
Thy only object was philanthropy.
Go on, brave man ! happy, thrice happy, he
Who grants relief, and sets the captive free ;
For, when oppressors to their doom are hurl'd,
Reward will reach thee in a better world.

AN AMERICAN STORY.

FOUNDED ON FACT.

SOMBRUNA was daughter of Norack the brave,
For his years and his courage held high;—
With hatchets and tomahawks deck'd was his cave;
His sons were all warriors; and each, as his slave,
Obey'd the least glance of his eye.

Sombruna was short, but, so graceful her air,
It made the heart throb to behold her;
As ebony black was the shine of her hair,
Her cheeks were tattoo'd, and the skin of a bear
Hung carelessly over her shoulder.

Sombruna was happy; for Tonky, the son
Of a Cherokee chief, young and tall,
Had sigh'd and had knelt, till her heart he had won,
As she sat by the side of the waters that run
O'er the rocks of Ni'gara to fall.

Tho' her Tonky was kind, tho' her Tonky was true,
Yet at times he drank deep of the bowl;
One day, overcome by its pow'rs, he withdrew
To sleep off its fumes, in his safe-moor'd canoe,
Whilst Sombruna watch'd o'er her lov'd soul.

Her charms, too alluring, a passenger saw,
As he trod the green banks of the deep;
And proffer'd his love to the beautiful squaw,—
She scorn'd his embraces forbidden by law,
And ran to rouse Tonky from sleep.

Sombruna ran swift, but her speed was in vain,
The stranger ran swifter before,
Loos'd the rope that made fast the canoe to the plain,
Down the stream her dear Tonky now drifted amain,
Whilst Sombruna wept loud on the shore.

Now, struck with new horror, she utter'd a scream,
As toward the rough cataract's verge
She beheld the canoe gliding down the full stream,
She beheld Tonky rous'd, like a man from a dream,
By the thund'ring roar of the surge.

Tonky seiz'd his strong paddle, but seiz'd it too late!
All his strength, skill, and art, were too slow;
So he wav'd a farewel to his agoniz'd mate,
Coolly laid himself down, and, submitting to Fate,
Was plung'd in the deluge below *.

P—n's Barn, Devonshire. A. Z.

SUICIDE.—A SONNET.

With anguish'd heart did sad Alcander view
The thread-bare remnants of his tatter'd clothes;
Gloomy and dark his meditations rose,
And thick'ning o'er his soul fresh horrors grew!—
"The struggle's past!" he cried; "the deed I'll do!
"This be the desp'rate cure for all my woes,
"This be my passport to *a long repose!*"
And from his pouch a pocket-pistol drew.
"Yet, 'tis a happiness *too dearly bought;*—
"But, hence Irresolution's cold attacks!"
Then, while his rigid soul, to phrenzy wrought,
Scorn'd from its fatal purpose to relax,
(Imagination shudders at the thought!)
He loaded, prim'd, and—drank a *glass of max!*

James Frederick Blake.

* The precipice down which this unhappy Indian was hurried is said to be 163 feet high; the quantity of water that passes over it every minute is estimated at 670,255 tons; and not one-third of the different things that happen to be carried down the Falls ever reappear at the bottom.——*Vide Weld's Travels through America.*

PARODY ON LOCHINVAR *.

" Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west †,"
All bepowder'd, and frizz'd, and most splendidly drest;
Of weapons he'd none—save his broad-sword so good ‡,
Two daggers, a gun, and a club made of wood:
Thus, arm'd at all points, both for women and war,
Was this dashing fine gentleman, young Lochinvar.

He stopp'd not for mountain, he staid not for steep,
And he jump'd down a precipice fifty feet deep:
Tho' he took this short cut to the Netherby-gate,
" Yet the bride had consented, the gallant came late;"
For a *Chartres* in love, and a *Whitelocke* in war §,
Was to wed dumpling Dolly of brave Lochinvar.

" Then boldly he enter'd the Netherby-hall ‖,
" Which served them for parlour, and kitchen, and all."
Then spoke the bride's father, " Young stripling, I say,
" I've dispos'd of my girl in another guess way;
" You must troop off without, tho' you've travell'd so far;"—
" If I do, I'll be d—d, then," said young Lochinvar.

" I'm come, if you will but attend to my tale ¶,
" Just to dance a courant, and to drink some more ale;

---

* Lochinvar, Lady Heron's Song.——*Vide Marmion*, p. 258.

† " Oh! young Lochinvar is come out of the west,
" Thro' all the wide Border his steed was the best;

‡ " And, save his *good broad-sword*, he weapons had none,
" He rode *all unarm'd*, and he rode all alone."

§ " For a laggard in love, and a dastard in war,
" Was to wed the fair Ellen of brave Lochinvar."

‖ Then boldly he enter'd the Netherby-hall,
'Mongst bridesmen, and kinsmen, and brothers, and all.

¶ Long I courted your daughter, my suit you denied,
Love swells like the Solway, but ebbs like its tide;
And now I am come with this lost love of mine,
To tread but one measure, drink one cup of wine;
There *are maidens* in Scotland more lovely by far,
That would gladly be *bride* to the young Lochinvar.

" I have courted your daughter, and sued her in vain,
" So I've given my hand to a girl in our lane;
" A girl to my liking, much better by far
" Than your carrotty daughter," said young Lochinvar.

Then he seiz'd on the tankard, and gave it a hug *,
And he drank all the beer, and he threw down the mug:
She look'd up to laugh, and she look'd down to cry,
For he'd broke their best jug, and she cou'dn't tell why;
Then he grappled her fist, ere her mother could bar,—
" Strike up, catgut-scrapers!" said young Lochinvar.

Then he whipp'd off his buskins in less than a jiff,
And he danc'd the courant till his trotters were stiff;
" While the mother did fret, and the father did fume †,"
And the bridegroom kept kicking his hat round the room;
And the girls they all titter'd, " 'Twere better by far
" If the Chaplain had splic'd her to young Lochinvar."

One pinch of her finger, one gripe of her fist ‡,
And they sunk thro' the floor in an ugly Scotch mist;
The father, thus finding them pop out of sight,
" Oh! where are you going?" he cried, in a fright;
" Why we're going to hell, and, as that's *rather far* §,
" You'll have good steeds that follow!" quoth young Lochinvar.

---

* Then the bride kiss'd the goblet, the knight took it up,
And he quaff'd off the wine, and he threw down the cup;
She look'd down to blush, and she look'd up to sigh,
With a smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye:
He took her soft hand, ere her mother could bar;
" Now tread we a measure!" said young Lochinvar.

† While the mother did fret, and the father did fume,
And the bridegroom stood dangling his bonnet and plume;
And the bride-maidens whisper'd, " 'Twere better, by far,
" To have match'd our fair cousin with young Lochinvar."

‡ One touch to her hand, and one word to her ear,
And they reach'd the hall-door, where the charger stood near.

§ She is won! we are gone over bank, bush, and scaur;
" They'll have fleet steeds that follow," quoth young Lochinvar.

There was mounting 'mongst Macs of the Netherby clan*,
Mac Daniell, Mac Dougall, Mac Donald, Mac Dann;
They rac'd, and they chas'd, thro' brake, brier, and dell,
And they tried all they could to get down into hell;
But report doesn't say if they ventur'd so far
As to meet with the Lady and young Lochinvar.

T. W.

TO SALLY.

Un aimable enjoument, une douce langueur,
Mêlés également, font sa charmante humeur;
Son enjoument ravit; et même sa tristesse
Ne sert qu'à faire voir qu'elle a de la tendresse.

MADAME DESHOULIERES.

WHAT means that coy bewitching smile,
So sweetly playing o'er thy face?
Say, is it meant my heart to 'guile,
This doting heart, from place to place?

And what imports that modest look,
Shot from those blue enamour'd eyes,—
Those eyes that, o'er the poet's book,
Steal for my youthful rhapsodies?

Why am I sought, at eve and morn,
To roam along the woodlands still;
To wander thro' the blushing corn,
Or down beside the lowland rill?

And, when the Moon expands her ray
Across the mountain's verdant height,
Why do we leave our friends, to stray
Among the fragrant dews of night?

* There was mounting 'mongst Græmes of the Netherby clan,—
Forsters, Fenwicks, and Musgraves, they rode and they ran.

This all results from that pure flame,
Which none but genuine lovers share,
Which can the wildest passion tame,
And sooth the poignant stings of care.

Hence gently emanates desire,
That in my swelling bosom reigns;
Hence, Sally, I resume the lyre,
To warble wild my simple strains.

What, tho' I'm doom'd to leave thee here,
To bend to Fate's imperious sway,
Shall absence dry Affection's tear,
Or wipe my Sally's love away?

Nor absence, nor a change of sphere,
Shall from my ardent bosom wrest
The passion thou hast kindled there,
By vows and melting kisses blest.

Nor wilt thou e'er forget the youth
Who foster'd it, with care benign;
Whose numbers breathe *the force of truth,*
Who hopes to join his soul with thine!

Grafton-Street, 1809. J. G.

IMPROMPTU

TO A BEAUTIFUL YOUNG LADY, SEEN BY THE AUTHOR BY CANDLE-LIGHT.

Oh! if thy fascinating face delight,
When candles only feeble pow'rs display,
How must it gratify the raptur'd sight,
When seen by the improving blaze of day!

C. S. B.

SONNET.

TO MY MISTRESS.

Ah me! how wretched, hapless, and forlorn,
Is he, who, pining in the dungeon's gloom,
Hopes, fondly hopes, that each revolving morn
Will send some friend to mitigate his doom!

But oh! what pleasures in his bosom swell,
If cherub Mercy, bursting on his sight,
Leads him triumphant from his dreary cell,
And gives again to liberty and light!

Thus I, who late, by fell Despair opprest,
Spurn'd ev'ry thought of happiness as vain,
Again feel Hope's gay influence cheer my breast,
Rais'd by th' enchanting magic of thy strain:

Thy syren tongue has hush'd each doubt to rest,
And Fancy softly whispers "*Thou may'st yet be blest!*"

M. N.

ACROSTIC.

TO T. W. ON HIS MANSION-HOUSE MONITOR.

The Romans, in Augustan days,
Had Bards who modest Worth might praise,
Or censure upstart Pride;
Misers of Satire fear'd the song,
And spendthrifts felt the galling thong
Severely oft applied.

Well hast thou done,—the task pursue;
Intemp'rance shall, with all her crew,
Lash'd by thy pen, decline;
Spur on thy steed,—renew the strain,—
Oh! wake the moral Muse again,
Nor blush to own her thine!

C. S. B.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO THE AMIABLE MOTHER OF MR.

I n Merit's cause do I attempt the lay ?
O h ! deign, ye heav'nly Nine ! your aid t' impart :
H ere let me Friendship's sacred laws obey ;
N o laws so soothing to the feeling heart.

M ay he, for whom I breathe this humble pray'r,
U nnumber'd days of blessings ever prove ;
R ever'd, admir'd, Heav'n's own peculiar care,
D ear to a mother's heart, a sister's love !
O n him, ye Pow'rs ! your choicest gifts bestow ;
C herish his bosom free from ev'ry woe ;
H ealth, peace, and love, e'er be his lot below !

FRANCESCA.

TO A LADY WORKING A WAISTCOAT FOR THE AUTHOR.

IF, charming girl ! for one of those,
Who can't their pretty selves expose,
Unless the monitors be on,
Or shoulder-straps are brought by John ;
Or stays to pinch him to a span,
To look like any thing but man—
If, charming Anne ! to match his best coat,
For such a one you'd work a waistcoat,
A very little stuff and time,
Would make him look prodigious fine.
But 'tis indeed a bold affair
To take the trouble, time, and care,
To make a waistcoat for the Bard,
Whose bulk is nearly twice a yard !

CLIO.

EXTEMPORE,

TO A YOUNG LADY WITH BEAUTIFUL BLACK EYES, BUT RATHER INCLINED TO THE COQUETTE.

Your laughing eyes bewitch the heart,
And make mankind adore;
But lay aside your female art,
Or soon they'll lose their pow'r.

Oft have I seen them with delight,
And wish'd myself but twenty;
That then, perhaps, *for smiles*, I might
Return you *kisses* plenty.

V——.

SONNET,

On reading a Passage in the Novel of "The Children of the Abbey."

Hush'd be Creation round,—Amanda sleeps,
And calm'd for one short moment are her fears;
Night's sable curtain o'er her eyelids creeps,
And kindly checks the wretched mourner's tears.

Tho' rough the couch that bears thy lovely form,
Long, long by Sorrow's iron hand opprest,
Repose awhile shall lull the bitter storm,
And sooth the anguish of thy tortur'd breast.

And while, by busy Fancy's fairy throng,
Thy gentle spirit's borne to Tudor-grove,
Gay Hope shall warble forth her sweetest song,
And lead thee back to Mortimer and Love;
To scenes where oft, 'neath Ev'ning's twilight shade,
Warm from the lip of Truth, Love's purest vows were paid.

Prospero.

LINES

MOST RESPECTFULLY ADDRESSED TO HIM WHO WILL BEST UNDERSTAND THEM.

Oh! say, thou enemy to *Rhyme and Reason*,
Whose strains to ev'ry reader's ears are treason,
What can induce thee thus to break the fence
Which Nature plac'd 'twixt thee and *Common Sense?*
'Twas ne'er design'd thy grov'lling brains should soar
Beyond the limits of a garret-door!
No Muse thy pen inspires; thy verses shew it;
And they are fools indeed who ape the poet.
Whene'er thy language runs on hills and groves,
And thou would'st sing of shepherds and their loves,
No plaintive notes thy poor rehearsals fire,
No wand'ring wood-nymphs rouse thy slumb'ring lyre;
But hosts of useless words thy meaning mar,
And *Rhyme and Reason* wage eternal war.
Leave rhyming then at once, and strive no more,
"*In prose run mad*," Parnassian heights to soar;
To *thee* the poet's wreath can ne'er belong,
Arcadian scenes have never grac'd *thy* song;
For such the language which thy brains dispense,
It flows as void of *Melody* as *Sense*.
What tuneless demon prompted thee to tell
The happy meeting of thy *Sam* and *Nell?*
We found their names, but in the feeble lay
We nowhere found Affection's glowing ray:
No mother's tender smiles her joy bespeak,
No filial transports beam'd on Sammy's cheek;
Their hearts were strangers to each tender tie,
And both insensate as thy tale, S. Y.;
For, when the clash and din of arms were o'er,
And Sammy's wafted to his native shore,
Homeward he hied, where, with a sailor's grace,
He gap'd and gaz'd upon his *mother's* face,

And, grinning, greeted with this uncouth strain,
* "*Ahoy! my Nelly! here I am again!*"
Oh! strange perversion of the graceful charms
With which the Muse the *poet's* bosom warms!
Thy *feeble, falt'ring* pen, can ill impart
The warm effusions of the feeling heart.
Dull are the strains thy folly would prolong,
And duller still the subjects of thy song!
Yet not alone to *Sam* and *Nell* I turn,
Thy poor productions, *one* and *all*, I spurn.
Who that has ever read could yet approve
Thy late ridiculous "*Adieu to Love?*"
The gentle maid, for whom, the groves among,
Thy Muse prolific tun'd her *monthly* song,
Was once thy all in all, thy sole delight,
By day thy idol, and thy dream by night;
But *she*, like *us*, grew weary of thy strains,
And both the poet and his love disdains!
Vex'd at her pride, for such thy spirit deems
Her just rejection of thy limping themes,
Thy hapless Muse would fain attempt to prove,
In one vile piece, which spoke rejected love,
How easily, without a world of care,
Thy prying eyes could find a nymph as fair.
Look for her then at once, thy sorrows smother,
For she, poor Bard! has long since got another.
Some twelve months since, thy nerves with anguish quaking,
And thy sad brains in melancholy taking,
A Tale appear'd, the best thou hadst to give—
It came a "*Melancholy Narrative.*"
Was ever, gentle Reader! under heaven,
A juster title to a story given?
Resolv'd its varied beauties to explore,
I read the strange production o'er and o'er,

---

* The author's own words in the poem here alluded to.

Saw in each line a host of hopes and fears,
Eliza frantic, and o'erwhelm'd in tears;
But, as I slowly thro' each sentence crept,
I nowhere found why thus the fair one wept;
And, oh! the dire misfortune that befell us,
What's worse than all, thy *wit* could *never* tell us.
Such was thy story to the heart addrest,
Incomprehensible, and *bad* at *best*.
Then, since the rhymes thy folly may have priz'd
By one and all are equally despis'd,
Since *once* we've read thy *senseless ditties* o'er,
And, having read them, hope to read *no more*,
Be wise, and give to Lethe's murky streams
Thy *lame*, *unmeaning*, *despicable* themes;
And think how well these words to thee apply—
"*Poeta nascitur, non fit*," S. Y.

PHILO.

SONNET.

LOVE once was my happiness, once was my pleasure,
My innocent joy, and my only delight,
My choicest, my richest, my idoliz'd treasure,—
All Nature, compar'd with it, vanish'd from sight:
'Twas then I was frolicsome, frisky, and merry,
Join'd concerts and balls with the ladies and beaux;
Reel'd well, after drinking champaign or strong sherry,
Cross'd up and down neatly, and turn'd out my toes.
But Time, that rough, change-about, thieving old fellow,
Has robb'd me of youth, and has given me years,
Chang'd rose-bloom for that of a dirty brown-yellow,
And laughter for wrinkles, and furrows, and tears:
Yet, Time, in thy goodness, pray spare me to-morrow,
And change into bliss the dull moments of sorrow.

CHARLES.

HOW TO MAKE A MAN OF FASHION.

" A man, young lady, such a man ! Why, he's a man of wax !"
SHAKSPEARE.

COME listen, ye beaux ! to what I'll advance,
And attend to the lesson, tho' not dated from *France;*
For *France* we outdo in *dressing* and *fighting*,
And your poet, he flatters, he beats too in writing.
'Tis the *dress* of the day that I am about;
In the first place, endeavour to look rather *stout;*
Let your *boots* be the *jockey*, with toes that are square,
Made for right foot and left, and to fit to a hair.
The *tops* they must be of a *yellowish-white*,
And the *bottoms* well varnish'd with " *Day and Martin's Black*" bright;
Let your *small-clothes* be long, tied with a large bow,
And the bigger they are, why the greater the shew.
Then a *bit* of a *watch* you must have in your fob,
And *six* or *eight seals* will complete *that there* job;
A *waistcoat, shawl-pattern*, now in fashion prevail,
And a *coat* with *huge sleeves*, but *short* in the *tail.*
A large *Norwich shawl* your neck must surround,
And mind, when you walk, you ne'er look on the ground;
Let your *hat* be the *vermint*, set skew-whiff with an air,
To shew the neat tail, and nicely curl'd hair.
Let your *talk*, like your *dress*, be *fantastic* and *queer*,
Then of the *Beau Monde* you'll the tippy appear.

Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

AN ENIGMA.

I AM a little saucy thing,
Made up with seven letters;
Within my tail I hold a sting,
And often bite *your* betters.

RUSTICUS.

HINTS TO A MODERN LOVER HOW TO GAIN A FEMALE'S AFFECTIONS.

DEAN SWIFT IMITATED.

Two or three times treat your fair to a ball,
Two or three times with a coach to Vauxhall;
Two or three times to the op'ra and play,
Two or three verses write on her birth-day;
Two or three ballads to sing in her praise,
Two or three trifles to send with your lays;
Two or three hints of your learning profound,
Two or three books that are handsomely bound;
Two or three vows of your ardour and bliss,
When two or three times you steal a soft kiss;
Two or three times you must dress fine and gay,
Two or three times keep a long time away;
Two or three times in a joke play the fool,
Two or three times you must look very cool;
Two or three times in a week, if you choose,
Send two or three billet-doux cramm'd full of news;
And then, just by way of inditing the better,
Drop two or three kisses of wax in each letter;
Two or three times well apply these directions,
'Twill seldom fail gaining your fair-one's affections.

REUBEN VERITAS.

ANAGRAMS SOLVED.

NO, STOP, IT RAINS.

No, stop, it rains, might teaze the brains
Of a profess'd logician,
Unless his view were to pursue
The art of TRANSPOSITION.

C. K.

RED NUTS AND GIN.

RED nuts and gin are meat and drink;
But, what is more commanding,
If well *transpos'd*, they'll learn to think,
And turn to UNDERSTANDING.

C. K.

RICHARD HOPS.

'Tis true that *Richard hops*, yet, trust my word,
He and his *hops* make a sweet HARPSICHORD.

C. K.

NIP A CAT.

To nip a cat some courage is requir'd,
As poor Grimalkin may with rage be fir'd;
And a bold CAPTAIN, fearless in the wars,
May dread *her scratches* more than *deeper* scars.

W. R.

O! MIND PETER.

Peter, 'tis said, of heav'n's gate keeps the key,
And lets none enter who can't plead exemption
From punishment, and prove from sin they're free,
Or have, thro' grace and mercy, found REDEMPTION.

W. R.

HONOR EST A NILO.

"His honour's by the Nile"—but not alone
At that fam'd river was his valour shewn;
The *Baltic* and *Trafalgar* have their share,
HORATIO NELSON's *honour* to declare:
It is not river, sea, or cape, that gives
Honour to him, who on Fame's topmast lives.

W. R.

LINES

On hearing Eliza speak of the personal Beauty of a certain young Lady, but warmly reproved her having a little Bit *of a Beard.*

WHEN *Eliza* first this maiden view'd,
She own'd her wondrous fair;
Said, " *Nature* o'er her face had strew'd
" Sweet living *roses* rare."

When *she* the just encomium gave,
She said, " it was a sin,
" That such a pretty girl should have
" Soft *down* upon her chin."

I love the rural hedge-wild rose,
In blooming sweetness drest;
But, if the truth *I* must disclose,
I love the *moss-rose* best.

Verge of Granta. SINCERITAS.

ON SEEING A ROSE

IN THE BOSOM OF THE AMIABLE MISS SARAH S. H. OF SUDBURY.

RETURN, soft-blushing, fragrant, flow'r!
" Thy native bow'r to grace:"
How heav'nly sweet would pass each hour,
Might I supply thy place!

Sudbury. J. H. R.

IN VINO VERITAS.

IN Wine there is truth, Bibo heard the folks say:
To discover the fact, therefore, drank all the day,
And confess'd to his friends, the next morning, when cool,
He had found out *this truth*—Bibo knows he's a fool.

P—n's Barn. A. Z.

IMITATION OF A FRAGMENT OF SIMONIDES.

Woman, the Grecian *Sage* defines
Man's blessing or his curse;
So does the *church*—we take our wives
For better or for *worse*.

P—n's Barn, Devonshire. A. Z.

HINT FROM THE SAME.

To man the first great blessing giv'n
Was lovely woman, sent from *heav'n;*
So sacred writers tell:
I freely own it *may* be true,
But oh! d' you ask our neighbour Hugh,
He'd say, "She came from hell."

P—n's Barn, Devonshire. A. Z.

DEATH.

MAY 14, 1809.

The grim king Death, in angry mood,
To Beilby Porteus * thus did say;—
"Prepare, for now I must intrude,
"With me to take thy dubious way."

Cheerful he saw man's foe draw nigh,
For Death he'd known some years ago;
He taught the good man how to die,
In faith to leave this world below.

Ah! now he gave one smile serene,
A welcome to his parting breath;
Then gently breath'd his last, unseen,
A prey to hoary Time, and Death.

REUBEN VERITAS.

* Lord Bishop of London, in his 78th year. This truly pious and learned Prelate was author of many eminent literary productions, particularly "Death, a Poem," which the second stanza alludes to.